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THE HEART OF A WOMAN

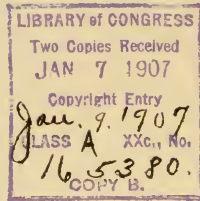
Mrs Sophia Margaretta BY
(ALMON) HENSLEY

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LOVE LYRICS

TRANSFIGURED

As some rare fabric from Life's loom unloosened
Awaits the master-dyer's chemistry,
A fine-spun fragment of potential beauty,
So, Dear, was I,—

Till a discerning gaze, a tender finger
The mystic fibre knew, and in Love's bowl
Plunged deep and sure in the glad crimson glory
My waiting soul.

Now, when life had grown languid and uncertain,
Here, where life had grown pale and overcast,
I see a vision of new hopes and labors
Stretch high and vast.

So hast thou colored all my spirit's strivings,
So hast thou flowered all my lonely ways,
I have no past, save a blurred outline visioned
Through Love's deep haze.

I have no past. Nay, Dear, I have no future,
All I may know is that to-day is mine;
So I may hold thy face against my bosom
Life is divine.

CONSECRATED

WILD thunder bursting from a gracious sky,
Devouring flames in peaceful village ways;
These have I known as, sweet with mystery,
I see Love's new-born days.

Love is no perfumed plaything of the weak!
The sobs that shook you as a storm-swept tree,
The hush, and my wet bosom, served to speak
A strong man's agony.

Oh, Heart of mine, gone is the wild world's din,
Gone the self-love and soilure of the years.
I looked and saw myself enshrined within
The crystal of your tears !

BECAUSE OF YOU

SWEET have I known the blossoms of the morning
Tenderly tinted to their hearts of dew;
But now my flowers have found a fuller fragrance
Because of you.

Long have I worshipped in my soul's enshrining
The heart's ideals, the noble and the true;
Now all my aims and all my prayers are purer
Because of you.

Wise have I seen the uses of life's labor,
To all its puzzles found some answering clue:
But now my life has learned a nobler meaning
Because of you.

In the past days I chafed at pain and waiting,
Grasping at gladness as the children do;
Now is it sweet to wait, and joy to suffer
Because of you.

Whether our lips shall touch or hands shall hunger,
Whether our love be fed or joys be few,
Life will be sweeter and more worth the living
Because of you.

THE LESSER THING

HAD the Power that watches, calm and certain,
Smiling down the dreams that pass and stray,
Held aside Fate's slowly-moving curtain,
Let us see the promise of to-day;

Had we guessed that to our quiet dreaming,
To our souls' far stretching in the night,
One wild flash would set God's sunlight streaming,
Fill Life's lodging with a strange delight;

We had looked to some great mountain glory,
To the bounding of th' eternal hills;
Where the wandering night-wind sings his story,
Stirs the ripples of a thousand rills.

We had dreamed how with wild pulses tingling
Life would grow one great divine command,
Flesh and spirit glory in commingling
As the raindrops joy to bathe the land.

Still the fresh sweet forest-odors surging,
Still the sighs and whispering of the pines,

Still great Nature's calm, perpetual urging,
Sweets of power, and Passion's purple wines.

Height, and majesty, and streams o'erflowing,
Moonlight stretches wandering white and long,
All the sweet wild things of Nature's growing
Breathing out their tender nuptial song.

How the city wrangles! Through the hours
Sounds the tramp of roving, restless feet.
See how through the fog the gas-lamp glowers
As the phantom forms pass down the street.

Close the shutter! So I turn and find you
With your grave eyes gleaming through the gray,
See a wide and wondering silence bind you
Like the brooding calm at break of day.

And we know, so gazing, that forever
We have lost our Pisgah-peaks of joy,
Grasped the shadow of our hearts' endeavor,
Missed the gold and treasured the alloy.

You and I,—O Love,—our love abides us!
What to us a moment's vague alarms?
Quench the glaring gas-light that derides us,
Crush remembrance in each other's arms!

THE REAL WOMAN

POETS have sung the glory of man's passion,
His mastery and strength for love's delight,
The woman's part a tender, childlike yielding
To an o'erpowering might,

A sentiment, a stroking of the lion,
A gasp of joy, half pleasure and half fear,
Glad, in an answering echo of emotion,
To know herself so dear.

Now will I tell thee. In the summer dryness
Watch for the spark thrown 'mid the dusky furze,
See the flames work a forest desolation
Before gray morning stirs.

See the calm river banked against o'erflowing!
A break, a gap,—and the tumultuous tide
Of pent-up passion spreads in wild endeavor
Flooding the mountain-side.

Dost thou not know that giving—not compliance—
The soul's oblation—not its sacrifice—
Is greater far than all the dreams of conquest
The minds of men entice?

Not only greater as the artist's fancy
Is greater than the thing his brush portrays,
The architect outlives, in grander soaring,
The temples he may raise;

But greater in its power for love's expression,
Because, beneath the quiet woman-guise
Dwells a supreamer and a fiercer passion
Than ever meets the eyes.

Because,—how rarely, to man's shame and sorrow!
When understanding love has found the key
Treasures undreamed-of show, to stay, unstinting,
Man's slight necessity.

Love does not ask. Ere yet the feeble flutter
Of dear Desire's wings far-off is heard
The woman bares her bosom for the homing
Of the enchanted bird.

She knows no barter and she asks no answer,
Of man's love-coinage notes not the alloy,
And in the loving and the fuller giving
She lives the larger joy.

THE MOTHER CRY

So many Christmases have come and gone
Glad with sweet hopes or misty with my tears;
Like to the holly, bright to look upon
Yet sharp to touch, were some in bygone years.

From out them all one stands apart, serene,
A deeper joy, a holier memory,
A birthday dawned in rapture deep and keen,
My baby uttered her first cry to me.

Ah, happier, far happier now am I,
Gone are the toils and tremors of the past;
Your love has brought the Christmas light so nigh
The best and sweetest joy has come at last.

Will you forgive me, Dear, if, after all
The heartbreaks and the rapture of our life,
Though my heart echoes to your every call
The mother still is stronger than the wife?

But not apart from you, still *for* you, Dear,
Is this great surging love, so near, so sweet;
May I not whisper softly in your ear
The while you listen, kneeling at my feet?

Will you be jealous for the lover-love

Because a larger impulse sometimes stirs,
Like the soft wind that, waking in the grove,
Rises to power, and bends the mighty firs?

My arms about you I defy the Fates!

You are my Thing, my Own;—you shall not see
Outside my breast. Locked fast within the gates
The wild world's arrows have no potency.

Ah! be my lover if you will,—but know

I want my baby too. Sweet, sweet indeed
These lover gifts and kisses; but bestow
The gift that fills these empty arms,—your need!

SURRENDER

Now art thou mine, and so the bygone longing
 Melts in the mist of all forgotten things;
Glad with the joy of summer's ripened fulness
 Know I the rapture that possession brings.

Marked with the mystic cross of love's surrender
 Stand I forever to my spirit's sight;
Proud with the glad humility of passion,
 Rich with the knowledge of unguessed delight.

Dear, thou hast waked me from my quiet dreaming,
 Startled to find myself no more mine own,
In the slow daybreak of a dawning wonder
 Marking the marvel that this day has known.

Like yon gray gull that floats forever seaward
 Spread I my wings in calm, unfettered flight,
Heeding no voice that called me from my freedom
 Through daylight daring, or the bliss of night;

See, now, how still I lie to thine enfolding,
 Never to stray again by shore or sea;
Glad of the day because it knows thy coming,
 Glad of the night because it breathes of thee.

THE THREE STEPS

OUR frank eyes met, and in that swift unveiling
We knew that nevermore
Would our two hearts in severance or communion
Beat calmly as before.

We spoke, and though the words to outward seeming
Bore no impassioned sense,
Our hearts drew closer, and our eyes were tender
In love's great confidence.

A touch, and the wild fire of answering passion
Glowed high, and bright, and strong,
And Nature, with her old impetuous rapture,
Chanted our bridal song.

IN ARCADY

O YESTERDAYS in Arcady!

How sweet the pipes of Pan,
As past him, hidden in the reeds,
The singing brooklets ran.

O yesterdays in Arcady!

Care free, by fancy led,
We heeded not the way we went,
The words we said.

To-day we walk in Arcady;

The white clouds to and fro
Are birds that fly across the blue
On errands none may know.

O sweet, enchanted Arcady!

What mortal ever knew
The joys the smiling gods could grant
For just us two?

We'll live for aye in Arcady!

There's nothing else of worth
But clasping hands and kisses sweet,
Love looks, and lovers' mirth.

O fair blown buds of Arcady,
We gather you to-day,
And wander, singing as we go,
The sweet wild way.

GOOD-BYE

ONE little summer, Darling,
 Snatched from the heedless years,
Cherished with tender longing,
 Seen through a mist of tears.

Such a long train of summers
 Lie in the lonely past;
Strange that in Time's slow passage
 This one should come at last.

Let me be still and dream it,
 Bring to my yearning sight
Pictures of bygone beauty,
 Visions of lost delight.

Deep in the forest shadow,—
 Only a field to cross,—
Whispers of waving fir-trees,
 Perfume of velvet moss.

Months of a weary waiting
 Gone in a moment's bliss,
Months of a wild heart-hunger
 Paid for with one dear kiss.

Ah! how the silence wraps us!
Surely it seems to say
Let the old life with its burdens
Fade with the fading day.

This is the only living,
Gone are the world's alarms;
Learn we our only knowledge
Here, in each other's arms.

In the pale twilight gleaming
Dark with love's mysteries,
Deep with a world of passion
See I your burning eyes.

Oh! the dear joy of the open,
Forest and field and grove;
Calmness and green beneath us,
Quiet and blue above.

And by the soft star-shining,
In the cool evening wind,
Dreams of a bliss unspoken
Echo and answer find.

Only the heart's wild stirrings
Spirit and senses move ;
Moist with unnumbered kisses
Linger the lips of love.

Ah! the great world may pilfer
Things that our bodies crave,
Shatter our soul's ambition,
Snatch back the hope she gave;

But in the heart's great temple,
Reared on its altar high,
Spotless and stedfast ever
Standeth a memory.

SWALLOWS

I SAW you come, O swallows; April's sun
Proclaimed your advent; ere fair Spring had won
Her golden crown of royalty again,
You came, her heralds, to announce her reign.
I watched you then and through the summer's length;
I saw you build, and wondered at the strength
Of wing, and speed of motion, as you swooped
Circling in eddy air, or pausing drooped
Towards earth,—then, darting, soared, where tired eye
No more could follow, nor your path descry.
I came in spring, as you, and now that I,
As you do, find all desolate and dry
Where in the summer-time were blossoms gay,
And my false love has turned her smile away
As now from you the sun, I will receive
Your free example, and will haste to leave
Th' unkindly atmosphere, and, sorrowing, fly
To where a warmer sun, a kindlier eye
Will greet my frozen soul. Yet, swallows, you
Will come again when Spring is clothed anew,
And I,—and I,—forgetting autumn's pain,

Shall take wing to my cruel Fair again,
When, in the end of wintry doubt and fear
Her smile shall tell me that my Spring is here.

HOW YOU HOLD ME

WHAT do you hold me by, Dear Heart? I wonder if
you know.

By the great brain that dazzled me those many years
ago?

By your man's strength and power to succor and provide,
Your eager joy to labor, so I be satisfied?

Is it your worship of me that keeps me close to you,
Your wondrous wondering reverence, so tender and so
true?

Is it your human passion that, like the mighty tide,
Buffets my slumbering senses, and sweeps me to your
side?

Ah, all these things are lovely, I warm them next my
heart,

But none of them would hold me, together or apart.

The thing that keeps me near you, the thing that through
the years

Will hold me ever closer, so you may have no fears,
The one sure weapon you can wield, from Love's great
armory,

It is your need of me, Dear Heart, it is your need of me!

A DREAM

SOMETIMES I waken to the common life
Of every day
As a lone soldier waked to dawn and strife
Might smile, and say :
“ ’T was but a dream, the fireside glad and gay;
The bugles start
Lest its sweet warmth unman me, and I play
A coward’s part.”

The wondrous thing my life had never known
Thou bringst to me—
’T is a red rosebud that has nearly blown
In ecstasy.
If this be but a dream, and soon must flee
At morning break,
For years of endless night I make my plea,
I will not wake!

A-WHEEL

WE sped where the yellow sunlight
Fell straight in the narrowing way;
And the town with its care and its counsel
Was gone, with the youth of the day.

And we frightened a little brown squirrel
That scampered to see us pass;
And we laughed with the clover blossoms,
And leaned with the waving grass.

And all the unuttered joyance,
The gladness of youth and sight,
Found voice in the roadside rapture,
Grew great in the wood's delight.

But the wood knew her old enchantment,
And we slackened, our race was done;
While high in the western heaven
Sailed the triumphant sun.

To rest in the cool sweet shadow
Seemed bliss for a wealth of days,
And the whisper of pine and maple
The song of eternal ways.

So, weary with sweet exertion,
And panting with dear distress,
We sought out the byway beauty,
And entered the wilderness;

A tangle of green and russet,
Of alder, and birch, and pine,
A mingling of myriad odors
That mount to the brain like wine ;

The moss, and the sweet subsiding,
The word, and the long-drawn sigh,
And deep in the soul's perception
The marvels of mystery;

For you, with your manly beauty,
And I, with my wind-tossed hair,
Were part of the woods and the waiting,
And one with the birds and the air.

And silences fell upon us,
The wood-wind's sorcery,
While far in the sand-swept distance
We could hear the wail of the sea.

A whisper of life's old longing
Down-quivered, and soared a space,
Then, a stray bird, homecoming,
Flew swift to its nesting place;

And we felt that the day was ours,
The whole glad, beautiful day,
And the world, with its unwise wisdom,
Was millions of miles away.

We knew that the only knowledge
Was what we were dreaming then;
That the speech of a moment's silence
Outrivals the roar of men.

And cheek touched cheek for an instant;
And the dusk with her tender hands
Unravelling her filmy curtains,
And loosened her lilac bands;

And, as the gray birds in the gloaming
Close nestle, and flutter for cold,
We gathered our gladness together,
And garnered our harvest of gold.

The stir, and the dawn, and the daylight
Were notes on a far-blown horn;
As wild wind-whispers to ocean
The dream of a coming morn.

And near was the scent of the spruces,
The tender breath of the breeze,
And far in forgotten distance
The thunder of mighty seas.

REINCARNATION

FAR off in some dim age of long ago
I held thy hand;
Swiftly we climbed the mountain tipped with snow
Of a far land.

Free as two swallows on the homeward quest,
Glad as the day,
Earth-children for a space, at Love's behest
Won we our way.

For the great Master, deigning in his joy
To incarnate be,
Desiring mortal shape of maid and boy
Chose thee and me.

Gave us no words to speak, no way to wend,
No task to weave;
One starry soul was ours, one joy to tend,
One heart to grieve.

One, as the crystal drops in some great sea
Forevermore,
Bore we our gladness in Love's liberty
From shore to shore.

Our bodies' beauty knew we for the joy
 Of love's desire,
Of sweets that might not die, that could not cloy
 Th' eternal fire.

And when we fain would of our Master learn
 Some unknown bliss
We found our knowledge hid in eyes that burn,
 In lips that kiss.

And saw we well that only those who give
 Can ever gain;
That sometimes must he tread who fain would live
 The paths of pain.

* * * * *

Ages have gone; and only in our dreams
 Knew we the past,
Till, beyond fear of doubt, where sunlight streams
 We meet at last.

Like a pale aureole gleams thy tawny hair,
 'T is but a day
Surely, since first my fingers wandered there
 In tender play.

Through the deep silence all the rapturous hours
Of bygone days
Drop like a fragrant shower of falling flowers
In woodland ways.

The few years' waiting-time is but a door,
A pause, a sign;
And all the great unknown forevermore
Is mine and thine.

AWAKENING

No glory of golden sunlight
Shone out when the day was dim,
No vision of mystic beauty
Looked over the sunset rim.

And never with mortal hearing
The thrill of thy name was known;
I wandered through silent chambers,
And gazed on an empty throne.

Yet now through the dreams and the silence
Thou callest me sure and strong,
Like the clarion note of a trumpet
At the close of a soldier's song.

By the meteor flash of thy thinking
I see the parting of ways,
And the old, old labors and longings
Fade in a far-off haze.

And I rise in my trailing garments
And loosen their binding bands,
Free must I be to follow,
Lithe to thy hallowing hands.

Not in a pained impatience
Wait I my coming bliss,
Not as a maiden trembles
Nearing her lover's kiss;

Proudly I stand with my treasures,
Dower of gold and gem ;
Bright with an unbought beauty
Glitters thy diadem.

I know not the haunts that hold thee,
The goal where thy gazings tend ;
I only know that God's sunlight
Is over the way we wend.

THE CALL

I COME, O King!

In garb of seemly state am I arrayed
With power of conquest such as queens should bring
In regal pride and joy that makes afraid

I come, O King!

I come, O Knight!

Armored in samite misty as the dew
Forth fare I bravely. Ready for the fight
Glitters the sword of Truth; to follow you

I come, O Knight!

I come, O Love!

Clad in the crimson robe of my desire.
With level brows and eyes that may not rove,
With gladness strong as fate and keen as fire

I come, O Love!

AT LAST

SWEETER than song of bird or shout of angel,
Fairer than dawn of day,
Over the far red mountain of oblivion
Stretches the love-lit way.

The past is gone, like some grim midnight vision,
Gone with the strife of years;
Washed into muteness with pain's purple chrism,
The rain of love's own tears.

There is no death, there are no night nor morning,
No fears and no alarms;
Only a breathless longing,—and before me
The haven of thine arms.

A WOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS.

A DREAM

I STOOD far off above the haunts of men
Somewhere, I know not, when the sky was dim
From some worn glory and the morning hymn
Of the gay oriole echoed from the glen.
Wandering, I felt earth's peace, nor knew I sought
A visioned face, a voice the wind had caught.
I passed the waking things that stirred and gazed,
Thought-bound, and heeded not; the waking flowers
Drank in the morning mist, dawn's tender showers,
And looked forth for the Day-god who had blazed
His heart away and died at sundown. Far
In the gray west faded a loitering star.
It seemed that I had wandered through long years,
A life of years, still seeking gropingly
A thing I dared not name; now could I see
In the still dawn a hope, in the soft tears
Of the deep-hearted violets a breath
Of kinship, like the herald voice of Death.
Slow moved the morning; where the hill was bare
Woke a reluctant breeze. Dimly I knew
My Day was come. The wind-blown blossoms threw

Their breath about me, and the pine-swept air
Grew to a shape, a mighty, formless thing,
A phantom of the wood's imagining.

And as I gazed, spell-bound, it seemed to move
Its tendril limbs, still swaying tremulously
As if in spirit-doubt; then glad and free
Crystalled the being won from waiting grove
Into a human likeness. There he stood,
The vine-browed shape of Nature's mortal mood.

"Now have I found thee, Vision I have sought
These years, unknowing; surely thou art fair
And inly wise, and on thy tasseled hair
Glow's Heaven's own light. Passion and fame are
nought
To thy clear eyes, O Prince of many lands,—
Grant me thy joy," I cried, and stretched my hands.

No answer but the flourish of the breeze
Through the black pines. Then, slowly, as the wind
Parts the dense cloud-forms, leaving naught behind
But shapeless vapor, through the budding trees
Drifted some force unseen, and from my sight
Faded my god into the morning light.

Again alone. With wistful, straining eyes
I waited, and the sunshine flecked the bank
Happy with arbutus and violets where I sank

Hearing, near by, a host of melodies,
The rapture of the woodthrush ; soft her mood
The love-mate, with such golden numbers woo'd.

He ceased; the fresh moss-odors filled the grove
With a strange sweetness; the dark hemlock boughs
Moved soft as though they heard the brooklet rouse
To its spring soul and whisper low of love.
The white-robed birches stood unbendingly
Like royal maids, in proud expectancy.

Athwart the ramage where the young leaves press
It came to me, ah, call it what you will,
Vision or waking dream, I see it still !
Again a form born of the woodland stress
Grew to my gaze, and by some secret sign
Though shadow-hid, I knew the form was thine.

The glancing sunlight made thy ruddy hair
A crown of gold, but on thy spirit-face
There was no smile, only a tender grace
Of love half doubt. Upon thy hand a rare
Wild bird of Paradise perched fearlessly
With radiant plumage and still, lustrous eye.

And as I gazed I saw what I had deemed
A shadow near thy hand, a dusky wing,
A bird like last year's leaves, so dull a thing

Beside its fellow; as the sunshine gleamed
Each breast showed letters bright as crystallised rain:
The fair bird bore "Delight," the other "Pain."

Then came thy voice: "O Love, wilt have my gift?"
I stretched my glad hands eagerly to grasp
The heaven-blown bird, gold-hued, and longed to
clasp

It close and know it mine. Ere I might lift
The shining thing and hold it to my breast
Again I heard thy voice with vague unrest.

"These are twin birds and may not parted be."
Full in thine eyes I gazed, and read therein
The paradox of life, of love, of sin,
As on a night of cloud and mystery
One darting flash makes bright the hidden ways,
And feet tread knowingly though thick the haze.

Thy gift, if so I chose,—no other hand
Save thine.—I reached and gathered to my heart
The quivering, sentient things.—Sometimes I start
To know them hidden there.—If I should stand
Idly, some day, and *one*,—God help me!—breast
A homing breeze,—my *brown* bird knows *its* nest.

DREAM-SONG

CAM'ST thou not nigh to me
In that one glimpse of thee
When thy lips, tremblingly,
 Said : " My Belovèd " ?
'T was but a moment's space,
And in that crowded place
I dared not scan thy face,
 O ! my Belovèd.

Yet there may come an hour
When Love's unfading flower
Has grown an Eden bower
 For us, Belovèd ;
When, safe 'neath sheltering arm,
I may, without alarm,
Hear thy lips, close and warm,
 Murmur : " Belovèd ! "

DOUBT

I do not know if all the fault be mine,
Or why I may not think of thee and be
At peace with mine own heart. Unceasingly
Grim doubts beset me, bygone words of thine
Take subtle meaning, and I cannot rest
Till all my fears and follies are confessed.

Perhaps the wild wind's questioning has brought
My heart its melancholy, for, alone
In the night stillness, I can hear him moan
In sobbing gusts, as though he vainly sought
Some bygone bliss. Against the dripping pane
In storm-blown torrents beats the driving rain.

Nay I will tell thee all, I will not hide
One thought from thee, and if I do thee wrong
So much the more must I be brave and strong
To show my fault. And if thou then shouldst chide
I will accept reproof most willingly
So it but bringeth peace to thee and me.

I dread thy past. Phantoms of other days
Pursue my vision. There are other hands
Which thou hast held, perchance some slender bands

That draw thee still to other woodland ways
Than those which *we* have known, some blissful hours
I do not share, of love, and June, and flowers.

I dread her most, that woman whom thou knewest
Those years ago,—I cannot bear to think
That she can say : “ My lover praised the pink
Of palm, or ear,” “ The violets were bluest
In that dear copse,” and dream of some fair day
When thou didst while her summer hours away.

I dread them too, those light loves and desires
That lie in the dim shadow of the years;
I fain would cheat myself of all my fears
And, as a child watching warm winter fires,
Dream not of yesterday's black embers, nor
To-morrow's ashes that may strew the floor.

I did not dream of this while thou wert near,
But now the thought that haunts me day by day
Is that the things I love, the tender way
Of mastery, the kisses that are dear
As Heaven's best gifts, to other lips and arms
Owe half their blessedness and all their charms.

Tell me that I am wrong, O Man of men!
Surely it is not hard to comfort me,
Laugh at my fears with dear persistency,

Nay, if thou must, lie to me! There, again,
I hear the rain, and the wind's wailing cry
Stirs with wild life the night's monotony.

SONG

If I had known
That when the morrow dawned the roses would be dead
I would have filled my hands with blossoms white and
red.

If I had known!

If I had known
That I should be to-day deaf to all happy birds
I would have lain for hours to listen to your words.

If I had known!

If I had known
That with the morning light you would be gone for aye
I would have been more kind;—sweet Love had won
his way

If I had known.

ANTICIPATION

LET us peer forward through the dusk of years
And force the silent future to reveal
Her store of garnered joys; we may not kneel
Forever, and entreat our bliss with tears.
Somewhere on this drear earth the sunshine lies,
Somewhere the air breathes heaven-blown harmonies.

Some day when you and I have fully learned
Our waiting lesson, wondering, hand in hand
We shall gaze out upon an unknown land,
Our thoughts and our desires forever turned
From our old griefs, as swallows, homewarding,
Sweep ever southward with unwearied wing.

We shall fare forth, comrades forevermore.
Though the ill-omened bird Time loves to bear
Has brushed this cheek and left an impress there
I shall be fierce and dauntless as of yore,
Free as a bird o'er the wide world to rove,
As strong and fearless, O my Love, to love.

What have we now? The haunting, vague unrest
Of incompleted measures; and we dream
Vainly, of the Musician and His theme,
How the great Master in a day most blest
Shall strike some mighty chords in harmony,
And make an end, and set the music free!

We snatch from Fate our moments of delight,
Few as, in April hours, the wooing calls
Of orioles, or when the twilight falls
First o'er the forest ere the approach of night
The eyes of evening;—and Love's song is sung
But once, Dear Heart, but once, and we are young.

Over the seas together, you and I,
Neath blue Italian skies, or on the hills
Of storied Greece,—where the warm sunlight fills
Spain's mellow vineyards,—wandering reverently
O'er the green plains of Palestine,—our days
A golden holiday in Old World ways.

Yet would we linger not by southern shores;
The bracing breath of Scandinavian snows
Would draw us from our dreams. The north wind
blows

Upon thy cheek, my Norseman, and the roars
Of the wild Baltic sound within my ears
When to my dreams thy stalwart form appears.

This will the future bring. See! Thou hast given
From out the fulness of thy strength and will
This courage to me. Though the rugged hill
Looms high, and fronts our vision, yet our heaven
(I see it when I sleep), with portals wide
And shining towers, gleams on the farther side.

SONG

“TSHIRR!” scolds the oriole
Where the elms stir,
Flaunting her gourd-like nest
On the tree’s swaying crest:
“May’s here, I cannot rest,
Go away, tshirr!”

“Tshirr!” scolds the oriole
Where the leaves blur,
Giving her threads a jerk,
Spying where rivals lurk,
“May’s here, and I’m at work,
Go away, tshirr!”

MISUNDERSTANDING

SPRING's face is wreathed in smiles. She had been
driven

Hither and thither at the surly will
Of treacherous winds till her sweet heart was chill.
Into her grasp the sceptre has been given,
And now she touches with a proud young hand
The earth, and turns to blossoms all the land.

We catch the smile, the joyousness, the pride,
And share them with her. Surely winter gloom
Is for the old, and frost is for the tomb.
Youth must have pleasure, and the tremulous tide
Of sun-kissed waves, and all the golden fire
Of summer's noontide splendor of desire.

I have forgotten—for the breath of buds
Is on my temples—if in former days
I have known sorrow; I remember praise,
And calm content, and joy's great ocean-floods,
And many dreams so sweet that, in their place,
We would not welcome even Truth's fair face.

O man to whom my heart has leaned, dost know
Aught of my life? Sometimes a strong despair

Enters my soul and finds a lodging there;
Thou dost not know me, and the years will go
As these last months have gone, and I shall be
Still far, still a strange woman unto thee.

I do not blame thee. If there is a fault
Let it be mine, for surely had I tried
The door of my heart's home to open wide
No need had been for even Love's assault.
And yet, methinks, somewhere there is a key
Thou mightest have found, and entered happily.

I am no saint niched in a hallowed wall
For men to worship, but I would compel
A level gaze. You teachers who would tell
A woman's place, I do defy you all!
While justice lives, and love with joy is crowned,
Woman and man must meet on equal ground.

The deepest wrong is falsehood. She who sells
Her soul and body for a little gain
In ease, or the world's notice, has a stain
Upon her soul no lighter for the bells
Of marriage rites, and purer far is she
Who gives her all for love's sad ecstasy.

Canst thou not understand a nature strong
And passionate, with impulses that sway,

With yearning tenderness that must have way,
Yet knows no ill desire, no touch of wrong ?
If thou canst not, then in God's name I pray
See me no more forever from this day.

SHADOW SONG

THE night is long
And there are no stars,—
Let me but dream
That the long fields gleam
With sunlight and song,
Then I shall not long
For the light of stars.

Let me but dream,—
For there are no stars,—
Dream that the ache
And the wild heart-break
Are but things that seem.
Ah! let me dream,
For there are no stars.

REVULSION

I SEE the starting buds, I catch the gleam
In the near distance of a sun-kissed pool,
The blessed April air blows soft and cool;
Small wonder if all sorrow grows a dream,
And we forget that close around us lie
A city's poor, a city's misery.

Of every outward vision there is some
Internal counterpart. To-day I know
The blessedness of living, and the glow
Of life's dear spring-tide. I can bid thee come
In thought and wander where the fields are fair
With bursting life, and I, rejoicing, there.

Yet have I passed, Belovèd, through the vale
Of dark dismay, and felt the dews of death
Upon my brow, have measured out my breath
Counting my hours of joy, as misers quail
At every footfall in the quiet night
And clutch their gold and count it in affright.

I learned new lessons in that school of fear,
Life took a fresh perspective ; sad and brave
The view is from the threshold of the grave.
In that long backward glance I saw her clear
From fogs of gathering night, and all the show
Of small things that seemed great a while ago.

Our dreams of fame, the stubborn power we call
Our self-respect, our hopes of worldly good,
Our jealousies and fears, how in the flood
Of this new light they faded, poor and small :
Showing our pettiness beside God's truth,
Beside His age our poor, unlearnèd youth.

The earth yearns forth, impatient for the days
Of its maturity, the ample sweets
Of summer's fulness; and its great heart beats
With a fierce restlessness, for spring delays
Seeing her giddy reign end all too soon,
Her bud-crown ravished by the hand of June.

And I,—I shall be happy,—promise me
This one small thing, Belovèd, for I long
For happiness as the caged bird for song:
Not where four walls close in the melody—
I want the fresh, sweet air, the waters' gush,
The strong, sane life with thee, the summer hush.

A SONG OF DAWN

IN the east a lightening ;
Where the woods are chill
Moves an unseen finger,
Wakes a sudden thrill ;

In my soul a glimmer,
Hush! no words are heard!
In heart-ambush hidden
Chirrup of a bird;

Tremble heart and forest
Like a frightened fawn,
Gleam the distant tree-tops,
Hither comes the dawn!

WEARINESS

THIS April sun has wakened into cheer
The wintry paths of thought, and tinged with gold
These threadbare leaves of fancy brown and old.
This is for us the wakening of the year
And May's sweet breath will draw the waiting soul
To where in distance lies the longed-for goal.

The summer life will still all questioning,
The leaves will whisper peace, and calm will be
The wild, vast, blue, illimitable sea.
And we shall hush our murmurings, and bring
To Nature, green below and blue above,
A whole life's worshipping, a whole life's love.

We will not speak of sometime fretting fears,
We will not think of aught that may arise
In future hours to cloud our golden skies.
Some souls there are who love their woes and tears,
Gaining their joy by contrast, but for thee
And me, Belovèd, peace is ecstasy.

It was not always so; there was a time
 When I would choose the rocky mountain way,
 And climb the hills of doubt to find the day.
Fresh effort brought fresh zest, and winter's rime
 Chilled not but crowned endeavor, and the heat
 Of summer thrilled, and made the pulses beat.

But now I am so weary that I turn
 From labor with a shudder, and from pain
 As from an enemy; I see no gain
In suffering, and cleansing fires must burn
 As keenly as desire, so let me know
 Quiet with thee, and twilight's afterglow.

I who have boasted of my strength and will,
 And ventured daring flights, and stood alone
 In fearless, flushed defiance, I have grown
Humble, and seek another hand to fill
 Life's cup, and other eyes to pierce the skies
 Of Wisdom's dear, sad, mighty mysteries.

Ah! I will lie so quiet in thine arms
 I will not stir thee; and thy whisperings
 Shall teach me patience, and so many things
I have not learned as yet. And all alarms
 Will melt in peace when, safe from tempest's rage,
 My wind-tossed ship has found its anchorage.

A SONG OF REST

THE world may rage without,
 Quiet is here;
Statesmen may toil and shout,
 Cynics may sneer;
The great world—let it go—
June warmth be March's snow,
I care not—be it so
 Since I am here.

Time was when war's alarm
 Called for a fear,
When sorrow's seeming harm
 Hastened a tear;
Naught care I now what foe
Threatens, for scarce I know
How the year's seasons go
 Since I am here.

This is my resting-place
 Holy and dear,
Where Pain's dejected face
 May not appear.

This is the world to me,
Earth's woes I will not see,
But rest contentedly
 Since I am here.

Is 't your voice chiding, Love,
 My mild career?
My meek abiding, Love,
 Daily so near?
"Danger and loss" to me?
Ah, Sweet, I fear to see
No loss but loss of *Thee*
 And I am here.

DEATH

IF days should pass without a written word
To tell me of thy welfare, and if days
Should lengthen out to weeks, until the maze
Of questioning fears confused me, and I heard
Life-sounds as echoes; and one came and said
After these weeks of waiting: "He is dead!"

Though the quick sword had found the vital part,
And the life-blood must mingle with the tears,
I think that, as the dying soldier hears
The cries of victory, and feels his heart
Surge with his country's triumph-hour, I could
Hope bravely on, and feel that God was good.

I could take up my thread of life again
And weave my pattern though the colors were
Faded forever. Though I might not dare
Dream often of thee, I should know that when
Death came to thee upon thy lips my name
Lingered, and lingers ever without blame.

Aye, lingers ever. Though we may not know
Much that our spirits crave, yet is it given
To us to feel that in the waiting Heaven

Great souls are greater, and if God bestow
A mighty love He will not let it die
Through the vast ages of eternity.

But if some day the bitter knowledge swept
Down on my life,—bearing my treasured freight
To founder on the shoals of scorn,—what Fate
Smiling with awful irony had kept
Till life grew sweeter,—that my god was clay,
That 'neath thy strength a lurking weakness lay;

That thou, whom I had deemed a man of men,
Faulty, as great men are, but with no taint
Of baseness,—with those faults that show the saint
Of after days, perhaps,—wert even then
When first I loved thee but a spreading tree
Whose leaves showed not its roots' deformity ;

I should not weep, for there are wounds that lie
Too deep for tears; and Death is but a friend
Who loves too dearly, and the parting end
Of Love's joy-day a paltry pain, a cry
To God, then peace, beside the torturing grief
When honor dies, and trust, and soul's belief.

Travellers have told that in the Java isles
The upas-tree breathes its dread vapor out
Into the air; there needs no hand about

Its branches for the poison's deadly wiles
To work a strong man's hurt, for there is death
Envenomed, noisome, in his every breath.

So would I breathe thy poison in my soul,
Till all that had been wholesome, pure, and true
Showed its decay, and stained and wasted grew.
Though sundered as the distant Northern Pole
From his fair sister, I should bear thy blight
Upon me as I passed into the night.

Didst dream thy truth and honor meant so much
To me, Dear Heart? Oh! I am full of tears
To-night, of longing love and foolish fears.
Would I might see thee, know thy tender touch,
For Time is long, and though I may not will
To question Fate, I am a woman still.

BATTLE SONG

CLEAR sounds the call on high:
"To arms and victory!"
Brave hearts that win or die,
Dying, may win;
Proudly the banners wave,
What though the goal's the grave?
Death cannot harm the brave,—
Through death they win.

Softly the evening hush
Stilling strife's maddening rush
Cools the fierce battle flush,—
See the day die;
A thousand faces white
Mirror the cold moonlight
And glassy eyes are bright
With Victory.

CONTENT

I HAVE been wandering where the daisies grow,
Great fields of tall, white daisies, and I saw
Them bend reluctantly, and seem to draw
Away in pride when the fresh breeze would blow
From timothy and yellow buttercup,
So by their fearless beauty lifted up.

Yet must they bend at the strong breeze's will,
Bright, flawless things, whether in wrath he sweep
Or, as ofttimes, in mood caressing, creep
Over the meadows and adown the hill.
So Love in sport or truth, as Fates allow,
Blows over proud young hearts and bids them bow.

So beautiful is it to live, so sweet
To hear the ripple of the bobolink,
To smell the clover blossoms white and pink,
To feel oneself far from the dusty street,
From dusty souls, from all the flare and fret
Of living, and the fever of regret.

I have grown younger; I can scarce believe
It is the same sad woman full of dreams
Of seven short weeks ago, for now it seems

I am a child again, and can deceive
My soul with daisies, plucking one by one
The petals dazzling in the noonday sun.

Almost with old-time eagerness I try
My fate, and say : "un peu," a soft "beaucoup,"
Then, lower, "passionément, pas du tout";
Quick the white petals fall, and lovingly
I pluck the last, and drop with tender touch
The knowing daisy, for he loves me "much."

I can remember how, in childish days,
I deemed that he who held my heart in thrall
Must love me "passionately" or "not at all."
Poor little wilful ignorant heart that prays
It knows not what, and heedlessly demands
The best that life can give with outstretched hands!

Now I am wiser, and have learned to prize
Peace above passion, and the summer life
Here with the flowers above the ceaseless strife
Of armed ambitions. They alone are wise
Who know the daisy-secrets, and can hold
Fast in their eager hands her heart of gold.

SEA SONG

A DASH of spray,
A weed-browed way,—
My ship 's in the bay,
In the glad blue bay,—
 The wind 's from the west
 And the waves have a crest,
 But my bird 's in the nest
And my ship 's in the bay!

At dawn to stand
Soft hand to hand,
Bare feet on the sand,—
On the hard brown sand,—
 To wait, dew-crowned,
 For the tarrying sound
 Of a keel that will ground
On the scraping sand.

A glad surprise
In the wind-swept skies
Of my wee one's eyes,—
Those wondering eyes.

He will come, my sweet,
And will haste to meet
Those hurrying feet
And those sea-blue eyes.

I know the day
Must weary away,
And my ship 's in the bay,—
In the clear, blue bay,—
Ah! there 's wind in the west,
For the waves have a crest,
But my bird 's in the nest
And my ship 's in the bay!

GRATITUDE

THERE are some things, dear Friend, are easier far
To say in written words than when we sit
Eye answering eye, or hand to hand close knit.
Not that there is between us any bar
Of shyness or reserve ; the day is past
For that, and utter trust has come at last.

Only, when shut alone and safe inside
These four white walls, hearing no sound except
Our own heart-beatings, silences have crept
Stealthily round us,—as the incoming tide
Quiet and unperceived creeps ever on
Till mound and pebble, rock and reef are gone.

Or out on the green hillside, even there
There is a hush, and words and thoughts are still.
For the trees speak, and myriad voices fill
With wondrous echoes all the waiting air.
We listen, and in listening must forget
Our own hearts' murmur, and our spirits' fret ;

Even our joys,—thou knowest;—when the air
Is full to overflowing with the sense
Of hope fulfilled and passion's vehemence

There is no place for words; we do not dare
To break Love's stillness, even though the power
Were ours by speech to lengthen out the hour.

But here in quietness I can recall
All I would tell thee, how thou art to me
Impulse and inspiration, and with thee
I can but smile though all my idols fall.
I wait my meed as others who have known
Patience till to their utmost stature grown.

As when the heavens are draped in gloomy gray
And earth is tremulous with a vague unrest
A glory fills the tender, troubled West
That glads the closing of November's day,
So breaks in sun-smiles my beclouded sky
When day is over and I know thee nigh.

Thou art so much, all this and more, to me,
And what am I to thee? Can I repay
These many gifts? Is there no royal way
Of recompense, so I may proudly see
The man my heart delights to praise renowned
For wealth and honor and with rapture crowned?

Ah! though there is no recompense in love
Yet have I paid thee, given these gifts to thee,
Joy, riches, worship. Thou hast joy in me,

Is it not so, Belovèd? Who shall prove
No worship of thee by my soul confessed?
And riches? Ah! a wealth of love is best.

SONG

I HAVE known a thousand pleasures,—
 Love is best—
Ocean's songs and forest treasures,
 Work and rest,
Jewelled joys of dear existence,
Triumph over Fate's resistance,
But to prove, through Time's wide distance,
 Love is best.

PRAVER

I stood upon a hill and watched the death
Of the day's turmoil. Still the glory spread
Cloud-top to cloud-top, and each rearing head
Trembled to crimson. So a mighty breath
From some wild Titan in a rising ire
Might kindle flame in voicing his desire.

Soft stirred the evening air, the pine-crowned hills
Glowed in an answering rapture where the flush
Grew to a blood-drop ; and the vesper hush
Moved in my soul, while from my life all ills
Faded and passed away. God's voice was there
And in my heart the silence was a prayer.

There was a day when to my fearfulness
Was born a joy, when doubt was swept afar
A shadow and a memory, and a star
Gleamed in my sky more bright for the distress.
The stillness breathed thanksgiving, and the air
Wafted, methought, the incense of a prayer.

Heaven sets no bounds of bead-roll or appeal ;
And when the fiery heart with mute embrace
Bends, tremblingly, but for a moment's space

It needs no words that cry, no limbs that kneel.
As meteors flash, so, in a moment's light,
Life, darting forth, touches the Infinite.

All my prayers wordless? Nay, I can recall
A night not so long past but that each thought
Lives at this hour, and throbs again unsought
When Silence broods, and Night's chill shadows fall;
Then Darkness' thousand pulses thrilled and stirred
With the dear grace of a remembered word;

And I was still, thy voice enshrouding me.
Like the strong sweep of ocean-breath the power
Of one resistless thought transformed my hour
Of love-dreams to a fear. All hopelessly
I knew love's impotence, and my despair
Stretched soul-hands forth, and quivered to a prayer

My passionate heart cried out: "If his dear life
Through stress of keen temptation merits aught
Of penance or requital, be it wrought
Upon *my* life. If only through the strife
Is won the peace, through drudgery the gain,
Give him the issue, and to me the pain!"

Some day, in our soul's course o'er trackless lands,
Swayed oft by adverse winds, or swept along
In Fate's wild current with the fluttering throng

Toward Sin's engulfing maelstrom, spirit hands
Will brace our trembling wings, and through the night
Point and upbear in our last trembling flight.

SONG

RED gleams the mountain ridge,
Slow the stream creeps
Under the old bent bridge,
And labor sleeps.

There are no restless birds,
No leaves that stir,
Dusk her gray mantle girds,
Night's harbinger.

The storm-soul's change and start
Pause, lull, and cease;
In my unquiet heart
Is born a peace.

LONELINESS

DEAR, I am lonely, for the bay is still
As any hill-girt lake; the long brown beach
Lies bare and wet. As far as eye can reach
There is no motion. Even on the hill
Where the breeze loves to wander I can see
No stir of leaves, nor any waving tree.

There is a great red cliff that fronts my view
A bare, unsightly thing; it angers me
With its unswerving grim monotony.
The mackerel weir, with branching boughs askew,
Stands like a fire-swept forest, while the sea
Laps it, with soothing sighs, continually.

There are no tempests in this sheltered bay,
The stillness frets me, and I long to be
Where winds sweep strong and blow tempestuously,
To stand upon some hill-top far away
And face a gathering gale, and let the stress
Of Nature's mood subdue my restlessness.

An impulse seizes me, a mad desire
To tear away that red-browed cliff, to sweep
Its crest of trees and huts into the deep;

To force a gap by axe, or storm, or fire,
And let rush in with motion glad and free
The rolling waves of the wild wondrous sea.

Sometimes I wonder if I am the child
Of calm, law-loving parents, or a stray
From some wild gypsy camp. I cannot stay
Quiet among my fellows ; when this wild
Longing for freedom takes me I must fly
To my dear woods and know my liberty.

It is this cringing to a social law
That I despise, these changing, senseless forms
Of fashion ! And until a thousand storms
Of God's impatience shall reveal the flaw
In man's pet system, he will weave the spell
About his heart and dream that all is well.

Ah ! life is hard, Dear Heart, for I am left
To battle with my old-time fears alone ;
I must live calmly on, and make no moan
Though of my hoped-for happiness bereft.
Thou wilt not come, and still the red cliff lies
Hiding my ocean from these longing eyes.

SEA-SONG

It sings to me, it sings to me,
The shore-blown voice of the blithesome sea !
 Of its world of gladness all untold,
 Of its heart of green, and mines of gold,
And desires that leap and flee.

It moans to me, it moans to me,
The storm-stirred voice of the restless sea !
 Of the vain dismay and the yearning pain
 For hopes that will never be born again
From the womb of the wavering sea.

It calls to me, it calls to me,
The luring voice of the rebel sea !
 And I long with a love that is born of tears
 For the wild fresh life, and the glorying fears,
For the quest and the mystery.

It wails to me, it wails to me,
Of the deep, dark graves in the yawning sea ;
 And I hear the voice of a boy that is gone.
 But the lad sleeps sound till the judgment-dawn
In the heart of the wind-swept sea.

INCOMPLETENESS

SINCE first I met thee, Dear, and long before
I knew myself beloved, save by the sense
All women have, a shadowy confidence
Half-fear, that *feels* its bliss nor asks for more,
I have learned new desires, known Love's distress,
Sounded the deepest depths of loneliness.

I was a child at heart, and lived alone,
Dreaming my dreams, as children may, at whiles,
Between their hours of play, and Earth's broad smiles
Allured my heart, and ocean's marvellous tone
Woke no strange echoes, and the woods' complain
Made chants sonorous, stirred no thoughts of pain.

And if, sometimes, dear Nature spoke to me
In tones mysterious, I had learned so much,
Dwelling beside her daily, that her touch
Made me discerning. Though I might not see
Her purpose nor her meaning, I had part
In the proud throbbing of that mighty heart.

But now the earth has put a tiring-cloth
About her face; even in the mountains' cheer
There is a lack, and in the sea a fear,

The glad, rash sea, whose every mood, if wroth
Or soothing mild, is dear to me as are
Joy's new-born kisses on the lips of Care.

Since I have known thee, Dear, all life has grown
An expectation. As the swelling grain
Trembles to harvesting, and earth in pain
Travails till Spring is born, so felt alone
Is the dumb reaching out of things unborn,
The night's gray promise of the ampler morn.

I long to taste my pleasures through thy lips,
To sail with thee o'er foaming waves and feel
Our spirits rise together with the reel
Of waters and the wavering land's eclipse;
To see thy fair hair damp with salt sea-spray
And in thine eyes the wildness of the way .

I long to share my woods with thee, to fly
To some black-hearted forest where the trail
Of mortals lingers not,—to hear the gale
Sweep round us with a shuddering ecstasy,
To feel, night's tumult passed, the cool soft hand
Of the untroubled dawn move o'er the land.

To swim with thee far out into the bay,
A trembling glitter on the waves, the shore
Glowing with noontide fervor; nevermore

To fear the treacherous depths, though long the way.

Sweet beyond words the sighs that breathe and blow,
The moist salt kisses, and the glad warm glow.

And when the unrest, the vague desires that rush

Over our lives and may not be denied,—

Gone in the tasting,—lure us where the tide
Of men sweeps on, let us forget the hush
Together, and in city madness drain
Our cup of pleasure to its dregs of pain.

Ever I need thee. Incomplete and poor

This life of mine. Yet never dream my soul

Craves the old peace. Till I may have the whole
My joy is my abiding, and what more
Of dreams and waking bliss the Fates allow
Comes as a gift of Love's great overflow.

SONG

DEEP in the green bracken lying,
Close by the welcoming sea,
Dream I, and let all my dreaming
Drift as it will, Love, to thee.

Sated with splendid caresses
Showered by the sun in his pride,
Scorched by his passionate kisses
Languidly ebbs the tide.

LIFE'S JOYS

I HAVE been pondering what our teachers call
The mystery of Pain; and lo! my thought
After its half-blind reaching out has caught
This truth and held it fast. We may not fall
Beyond our mounting; stung by life's annoy,
Deeper we feel the mystery of Joy.

Sometimes they steal across us like a breath
Of Eastern perfume in a darkened room,
These joys of ours; we grope on through the gloom
Seeking some common thing, and from its sheath
Unloose, unknowing, some bewildering scent
Of spice-thronged memories of the Orient.

Sometimes they dart across our turbid sky
Like a quick flash after a heated day.
A moment, where the sombrous shadows lay
We see a glory. Though it passed us by
No earthly power can filch that dazzling glow
From memory's eye, that instant's shine and show.

Life is so full of joys. The alluring sea,
This morning clear and placid, may, ere night,
Toss like a petulant child, and when the light

Of a new morning dawns sweep grand and free
A mighty power. If fierce, or mild, or bright
With every tide flows in a fresh delight.

I can remember well when first I knew
The fragrance of white clover. There I lay
On the warm July grass and heard the play
Of sun-browned insects, and the breezes blew
To my drowsed sense the scent the blossoms had;
The subtle sweetness stayed and I was glad.

Nor passed the gladness. Though the years have gone
(A many years, Belovèd, since that day).
Whenever by the roadside or away
In radiant summer fields, wandering alone
Or with glad children, to my restless sight
Shows that pale head, comes back the old delight.

Oh, the dark water and the filling sail!
The scudding like a sea-mew, with the hand
Firm on the tiller! See the red-shored land
Receding, as we brave the hastening gale!
White gleam the wave-tops, and the breakers' roar
Sounds thunderingly on the far distant shore.

This mad hair flying in the breeze blows wild
Across my face. See, there, the gathering squall,
That dark line to the eastward, watch it crawl

Stealthily towards us o'er the snow-wreaths piled
Close on each other! Ah, what joy to be
Drunk with salt air, in battle with the sea!

So many joys, and yet I have but told
Of simple things, the joys of air and sea!
Not all these things are worth one hour with thee,
One moment, when thy daring arms enfold
My body, and all other, meaner joys
Fade from me like a child's forgotten toys.

One thought is ever with me, glorying all
Life's common aims. Surely will dawn a day
Bright with an unknown rapture, when thy way
Will be *my* journey-road, and I can call
These joys *our* joys, for thou wilt walk with me
Down budding pathways to the abounding sea.

SONG

Low laughed the Columbine,
Trembled her petals fine
 As the breeze blew;
In her dove-heart there stirred
Murmurs the dull bee heard,
And Love, life's wild white bird,
 Straightway she knew.

Resting her lilac cheek
Gently, in aspect meek,
 On the gray stone,
The morning-glory, free,
Welcomed the yellow bee,
Heard the near-rolling sea
 Murmur and moan.

Calm lay the tawny sand
Stretching a long wet hand
 To the far wave.
Swift to her waiting breast
Longing to be possessed
Leaps 'neath his billowy crest
 Her Lover brave.

BARTER

THERE is a long thin line of fading gold
In the far west, and the transfigured leaves
On some slight, topmost bough that sways and heaves
Hang limp and tremulous. Nor warm, nor cold
The pungent air, and, 'neath the yellow haze,
Show flushed and glad the wild October ways.

There is a soft enchantment in the air,
A mystery the Summer knows not, nor
The sturdy, frost-crowned Winter. Nature wore
Her blandest smile to-day, as here and there
I wandered, elf-beset, through wood and field
And gleaned the glories of the autumn yield.

A bunch of purple aster, golden rod
Darkened by the first frost, a drooping spray
Of scarlet barberry, and tall and gray
The silk-cored cotton with its bursting pod,
Some tarnished maple-boughs, and, like a flash
Of sudden flame, a branch of mountain ash.

She smiled, but it was not the welcoming smile
Of frank surrender. As a witching maid
In gorgeous garments cunningly arrayed

Might smile and draw them closer, hers the guile
To let men hope, pray, labor in love's stress
Ere they her hidden beauties may possess.

Deep in the heart of earth where the springs rise,
Down with the sweet linnæa and the moss,
In the brown thrush's throat, where the pines toss
In winter's harrying storms her secret lies.
Ours the chill night-dews and the waiting pain
Ere we her fairy wealth may hope to gain.

'T is so with knowledge. Eagerly we turn
Great wisdom's page, and when our clear eyes grow
Dim in the dusk of years, and heads bend low
Weary at last, the truth we strove to learn
Is ours forever. But its joy of sight
Is dearly bought, methinks, with youth's delight.

Fate, too, with chaffering voice and beckoning hand
Doles out our happiness; we snatch at wealth
And pay with anxious care and fading health.
We call for love, and dream that we shall stand
On ground enchanted, but, though sweet the way,
The rocks are sharp, and grief comes with the day.

Even in love, Dear Heart, there is exchange
Of gifts and griefs, and so I render thee
Vows for thy vows, and pay unfalteringly

What love demands, nor ever deem it strange.

And when the snow drifts fast, and north winds sting,

I make no murmur, but await the Spring.

SONG

Joy came in youth as a humming-bird,

(Sing hey ! for the honey and bloom of life !)

And it made a home in my summer bower

With the honeysuckle and the sweet-pea flower.

(Sing hey ! for the blossoms and sweets of life !)

Joy came as a lark when the years had gone,

(Ah ! hush, hush still, for the dream is short !)

And I gazed far up to the melting blue

Where the rare song dropped like a golden dew.

(Ah ! sweet is the song tho' the dream be short !)

Joy hovers now in a far-off mist,

(The night draws on and the air breathes snow !)

And I reach, sometimes, with a trembling hand

To the red-tipped cloud of the joy-bird's land.

(Alas ! for the days of the storm and the snow !)

TO-MORROW

BUT one short night between my Love and me!

I watch the soft-shod dusk creep wistfully
Through the slow-moving curtains, pausing by
And shrouding with its spirit-fingers free
Each well-known chair. There is a growing grace
Of tender magic in this little place.

Comes through half-opened windows, soft and cool
As Spring's young breath, the vagrant evening air.
My day-worn soul is hushed. I fain would bear
No burdens on my brain to-night, no rule
Of anxious thought; the world has had my tears,
My thoughts, my hopes, my aims these many years;

This is thy hour, and I shall sink to sleep
With a glad weariness, to know that when
The new day dawns I shall lay by my pen
Needed no more. If I, perchance, should weep
A few quick tears, so doing, who would guess
'T was the last throb of my soul's loneliness?

Not even thou, Dear Heart, canst ever know
How I have yearned these many months, these years,
For love, for thee. As the calm boatman steers

His slender shallop where he fain would go,
 Tempests and rocks before, so through the dark
To this dim, far-off day has set my bark.

To-morrow! I can hear the quick-closed door,
 The approaching steps, my pained heart's fluttering,
Thy voice, then thee! And all the storm and sting
Of bygone griefs are passed for evermore,
 Swept from my life as the resistless wind
Scatters the chaff, nor leaves a mote behind.

As long-imprisoned captives reach the light,
 And gaze with greedy eyes on field and tree,
Drinking the beauties of the sky and sea
Half fearful of their bliss, so from the night
 Of dreams and shades, half doubting, we awake
And grasp the joy we almost fear to take.

Thou hidest in thy warm ones my cold hand,
 Reading my soul in these unwavering eyes.
Nay, thou hast known my hopes, my agonies
Through written words, and thou canst understand.
 I have kept nothing back of all the streams
Of my heart-flowings—doubts, nor fears, nor dreams.

So long my life has followed no control
 But mine own impulse; now, I pray thee, bend
My will to thine, and so, unhindered, tend

My soul's wild garden. I have laid the whole
Bare to thy sowing; and life's precious wine
Is of thy pouring, and thy way is mine.

SONG

WHERE is the waiting-time ?

Where are the fears ?

Gone with the winter's rime,

The bygone years.

O'er life's plain, lone and vast,

Slow treads the morn,

Night shades have moved and passed,

Joy's day is born.

NATURE POEMS

AT EBB

A LULL in the fitful fever of the year.

A day of stillness. O'er the sleeping pools

The darting swallow flickers on the wing

Catching her image. Where the cliff-side cools

A thousand quiet rivulets find the sea.

The towering mountain frowns immovably

Waiting the darkness; for the wild birds sing

Her forest follies when the dawn is near.

The madcap sea has donned a robe of gray,

Playing the nun. Wide-eyed and innocent

She lies, a fitting patience in her mien.

When in the day's deploy her mood is spent

How she will fling the mumming garment by,

And joy to give her wild tempestuous cry,

And bathe her white arms in the sunlight's sheen,

And mock the shore beguiled by her mad play.

Far off a hoarse gull screams; from out the bush

Of tangled alders sail white-breasted birds

Winnowing seaward; and along the beach

Runs the sandpiper. Strange, unuttered words

Lurk in the cryptal quiet of the wind.
Where the fog's fumid curtain is unpinned
Earth waits the birth-throe. Far as eye can reach
There is no shudder in the noonday hush.

I am of thee, O patient, smiling earth !
I am thy sister, O thou changing sea!
I bring my full-grown sorrow to thine ears,
O brooding mother ! and the mystery
Of worn-out passions to thine endless calm.
Against thy cool glad face my fevered palm,
On thy sweet sod my fruitless, satiate tears,
There, too, my mad remembrances of mirth.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

GREEN and glad the mysteries

Of the woodland sheen and shade,
And the thousand gleaming eyes
Of the daisies in the glade.

Towards the hoar wave-beaten rock

Creeps the tireless, stealthy sea,
Stern her voice, and rude the shock,
Yet he will not quake nor flee.

West the blue horizon line

Fades into an opal dream,
And the smoke-wreaths curl and twine
Like a wandering mountain stream.

Fresh and sweet the sea-blown gale,

Cool the fogs that close and cling,
White the chaff that flies the flail
In great ocean's winnowing.

Mine the sight, but not the sense;

I have grown a thing apart;
Gone the old sweet confidence,
And the unison of heart.

And I stretch my eager hands
Calling to the vast unknown:
"Give me back my dream-tide lands,
And my dear, deserted throne !

Take the things the heart has craved,
Gained, and hoarded for a space,
Sweets of fears my soul has braved,
And the glory of a face ;

Unnamed gladnesses of night,
Joys of wine, and warmth, and love,
All my memories of delight,
All my power to hold and move ;

Give me back the unsung ways,
My wild kinship with the wind ;
And the dear, deep-hearted days
I have left so far behind.

Let me hear the lonely rune
Of the wind-birds in the west,
Hear the ocean-mother croon
To the darlings at her breast ;

Know that they and I have part
In all things that are, or seem,
In the universal Heart
And the interminable Dream.

Soft against the cooling sand
 Presses close the scarlet cheek;
From the spirit's listless hand
 Slip the gains that toilers seek ;

Sounds of surf-beat in my ears,
 On my hair the wind's impress ;
And I know the bygone years,
 And the old childheartedness.

THE MEANING OF THE BIRD SONG

A DESERT of weary gray;
The endless wash on the shore ;
Foam of an æon of fret and fray
Flung on the floor.

Shudder of laboring life,
Quiver of nesting birds ;
Sombre the mantle of ceaseless strife
That daylight girds.

Ah, listen ! Soft and low,
Joys, darting, lift and sink,
Soft wilding waters that fall and flow,
The bobolink!

Gladness of summer rain,
Wild songs of shore and sod ;
Over the swelling summer grain
The hands of God.

Winds' will and ocean's roar,
Red cliff and dewy haze,
The growl of the surf on the distant shore,
Morn's blues and grays ;

And the chime of impatient bells.

See the breeze ruffle the lake !

And the drowsy day trembles through the dells,—

The world is awake !

Pink palms and dimpled feet ;

Rosy mouth, dewy pressed,

Soft wandering, seeks the sweet

Of Mother's breast.

Proud power of unsated strength,

Staunch spars and sails unfurled,

Joy in the leagues of earth's unknown length,

The will of a world.

Deep in the seedless sand,

Through dirges of the pine,

In the fierce strength of the ploughman's hand

A mote divine.

Slumbers the silent sod

Waiting the spark, the ray,

Deep in the heart of the formless pod

A dream of Day.

Clear flame of golden fire,

Heaven's flash the soul has caught;

Far on the mount of the heart's desire

The throne of Thought.

Glad life of lessons learned,
 Sweet love to teach and tend;
And the altars of stone where the self has burned.
 The strife is at end.

Love, and a great desire,—
 The urging of homeward waves;
And high on the mountain the dome of fire
 O'er the quiet caves.

THE SOUL

ENSHROUDED in a veil of morning mist

The great cliff stands. About her base the waves

Beat ceaselessly, and the wild north-wind raves

And the gray sea-gulls hover as they list.

There is no dream of fellowship, nor fear,

In that great isolation. From the sea

Wash through the mighty caves of mystery

The gems of silence. Crystalline and clear

Her summit's ether. Where the sweet rills run

Her steadfast bosom fronts the rising sun.

SLACK TIDE

My boat is still in the reedy cove
Where the rushes hinder its onward course,
For I care not now if we rest or move
O'er the slumbrous tide to the river's source.

My boat is fast in the tall dank weeds,
And I lay my oars in silence by,
And lean and draw the slippery reeds
Through my listless fingers carelessly.

The bubbling froth of the surface foam
Clings close to the side of my moveless boat
Like endless meshes of honeycomb,—
And I break it off, and send it afloat.

A faint wind stirs, and I drift along
Far down the stream to its utmost bound,
And the thick white foam-flakes, gathering strong,
Still cling, and follow, and fold around.

Oh! the weary green of the weedy waste,
The thickening scum of the frothy foam,
And the torpid heart by the reeds embraced
And shrouded and held in its cheerless home.

The fearful stillness of wearied calm,
The tired quiet of ended strife,
The echoed note of a heart's sad psalm,
The sighing end of a wasted life.

The reeds cling close, and my cradle sways,
And the white gull dips in the waters' barm,
But the heart asleep in the twilight haze
Feels not its earth-bonds, knows not alarm.

PICTURES

I.

THE full-orbed Pascal moon ; dark shadows flung
On the brown Lenten earth ; tall spectral trees
Stand in their huge and naked strength erect
And stretch wild arms toward the gleaming sky.
A motionless girl-figure, face upraised
In the strong moonlight, cold and passionless.

II.

November's day, dark, leaden, lowering,
Gray, purple shadows fading on the hills ;
Dreary and desolate the far expanse
And gloomy sameness of the open plain.
A peasant woman, in white wimpled hood,
White vest, and scarlet petticoat, surveys
The meadow, with rough hands crossed on her breast.

III.

A shining, shimmering, gracious golden day,
Fair sated summer's all-pervading hush,
Warm, luscious tints glowing in earth and sky.
On a low mossy bank, a little child,

His golden curls twined in the reedy grass,
Clutching within his tiny feverish hands
The yellow blossoms of the celandine,
Sobs out his heart in passionate childish grief.

IV.

A proud spring sunset ; opal-tinted sky,
Save where the western purple, pale and faint
With longing for her fickle love, content
Had merged herself into his burning red.
A fair young maiden, clad in velvet robe
Of sombre green, stands in the golden glow
One hand held up to shade her dazzled eyes,
A bunch of white narcissus at her throat.

NARRATIVE POEMS

IOLE

O'ER the Eubœan hills the purple light
Of dawning day wakens to roseate glow.
The earth is cold beneath me, and the dew
Lies heavy on these coils of yellow hair
That twine among the grasses. Now awake
The young birds, and the reptiles, and the earth
Is glad because another day is born.
I know not well how many hours have fled
Since first I came here, days or years maybe,
I know not,—I have lost my count of time
And know no life but only misery.
The pallor of thy waters, O thou son
Of courtly Ceres, Acheron the dread,
Draws on my soul, my waking soul, to death.
O fair Æchalia, whose rich verdant vales
Lie ever in the sunshine, where the earth
Rejoices in the smile of mighty Zeus,
Full many flocks graze on thy wooded slopes.
O fruitful meadow ! Thou hast never known
The wrath of fierce Hephæstos, heaving up
The earth at will, and laying waste the land.
For gods and men have smiled on thee, and left

Thee peaceful as the flying years revolve.
They brought me hither while the curling smoke
Of Æta's burning pile did darken heaven.
And it was well ; here can I lie and gaze
On the green fields of happy childhood, feel
The dry air cool my temples, and the soft
Fresh moisture of the grasses heal my pain.
Here may I weep with none to say me nay,
My maids are banished. If they, quiet, wait
In the dark thicket yonder for my call
That will not come, or if they guess my thought,
And watch me not, I know not; my desire
Is but for solitude, such solitude
As soothes the soul, the speech of these my hills.

My grief flows into words, not as at first
When in the morning of my pain I strove
To give it voice, and failed, and burning tears
Did scald my heart but left my eyelids dry.
As when a stream checked in its early flow
But gathers strength, and roars in torrents down
O'er knoll and bush, flooding the mountain side
With foaming cataracts,—so my pent-up tide
Of tears and words gush out, flow forth, and so
Will not be stayed.

It was a glorious day
Of sunlight splendor and warm whispering

Of scented leaves, when, in the August blaze
Standing with form erect and proud of mien
A clustered heap of glossy raven curls
Crowning the brow, now dark and lined with rage,
Saw I the godlike Theban. How his eyes,
Dusky as night, flashed out in anger fierce
As treacherously my father broke his bond!
Proud Eurytus, the skilled with bow and spear,
Challenged the world to contest, offering me,
His only daughter, Iole, as prize.
And when great Herakles, loved of the gods,
Was named the victor, and his burning eyes
Looked into mine, in pride of mastery,
I turned away that I might hide my love,
For he had roused in me a woman's soul.
Then did the wrath of Eurytus leap up,
And with fierce eye he gazed on Herakles,
For till that day all men had bowed before
His mighty prowess. Stern and rough as wind
Of winter blast his speech, as Herakles
He bade depart, nor hope to touch the hand
Of white-browed Iole. The sky grew dark,
The lilies faded, and the pine-trees wept.
Gone was my sometime pride. Aloud I prayed
My father's mercy, but he heeded not.
Then anguish filled my soul, for love had come
And touched me, and I bowed beneath his hand.

Forth went my maddened lover, and I knew
The years would sometime bring him back to me.
Full many months I languished, as a dove
With broken wing, and wept my misery
To these dark pines, that give back sigh for sigh.
One solace had I still,—the tender care
Of Iphitus, my brother. Him I took
As mother, sister, friend, for he had read
My sorrow's heart with sympathy and love.
He did beseech my father, not as one
Who pleads for favors, but as he who knows
Where lies the right,—but evermore in vain.
Oh, Iphitus, whose tender head did lie
Last on our mother's bosom, 't was the hand
Of madness murdered where the heart did love!
Well do I mind the day of evil chance
When o'er the hills, the distant, blue-lined hills,
My brother and the injured Herakles
Journeyed as friends. Autolycus, the thief,
Quickly surrendered up my father's droves,
The mighty oxen of Bœotian vales,
So dreaded he the wrath of Herakles.
But ere day fled, and Iphitus' fair face
Was homeward turned, a madness, born of hate
For Eurytus, o'erpowered the conqueror's soul;
He gazed at Iphitus, and knew him not
Save as his father's son; so rushed he on

His friend, and slew him. When the burning tide
Of madness turned, and Herakles looked down
Upon the body of the murdered one,
The fever left him, and he fled for grief
Off to the wilderness.

Again the years
Swept on, and on one radiant summer morn
I heard, from where I lay, mid grass and fern,
In dreams of love and Herakles, a sound
Of clashing arms, and fierce, contesting cries.
I trembled not, for in my veins there stirs
The blood of kings, and I could look on death,—
Mayhap to overtake me,—without fear.
Some foe, I knew, was in my father's house,
And there I proudly stood, and tearlessly,
To see the end. The lilies in my hand
Dropped to the ground, and covered all the place
Where I had lain, the fair, white blossoms soon
To feel, perchance, my warm blood on their stems.
Even while I thought, the sounds grew faint and few,
And steps drew near. With head erect and firm
I waited calmly.

As in some blest dream
I saw him come, my kingly man of men,
Great Herakles! Bare-headed, proud, he stood
And spake to me. His words were wonderful
In sweetness as in power, and all my heart

Went out to him, and owned his sovereignty.
We spake of Iphitus, and all the grief
Flooding my soul was hushed to calm the force
Of Herakles' despair, for he had loved
The man he slew with passing tenderness.
The lime-trees moved, and moving, seemed to speak
Of future joy. The happy birds that thronged
The bushes rich with blossom told their tales
Of love in silvery monotone, and led
Our speech to kisses, and were satisfied.

Then followed days of joy, such joy as few
But the immortals know. I asked for naught
But one dear presence, knew no bliss or pain,
No happiness or grief the gods could send,
Save his alone, my hero and my king !
The long, deep, luscious, summer-breathing days
Melted to evening e'er our hearts could count
One hour of weariness. The mighty one
Would lay aside his weapons with his frown,
And wander with me through the grassy dales,
Or lie, in still content, beside some stream
Of silver water, sparkling in the sun,
And swear by all the gods that Iole
Was fairer than fair Aphrodite's self.
I saw myself grow fair beneath his touch;
The roses of the meadow, crimson-hued,

Blushed in my cheeks, and the long, sunny hours
Brought vigor to my limbs, and lit mine eye.
So passed our days, till, as we journeyed on,
With slow but happy steps, great Æta's height
Fronted our vision. Far behind us lay
The fair Bœotian valleys ; far behind,
Too far for sight, the dear Eubœan shore.
The black brows of Parnassus darkly loomed
Upon our right, and Æta's majesty
Rose high above us. Here great Herakles
Would stay to offer of his ample spoil
A sacrifice to Zeus. My heart was light
As morning, and I did array myself
In gorgeous dress, to honor Herakles.
Ere yet the appointed solemn hour drew nigh
The mighty hero ordered Lichas forth
To near Trachinia, thence to fetch a robe
Of proper state to offer sacrifice.
Until that hour, no thought of aught but good,
Through the short, joyous days, and blessed nights,
Had come to me, but now a shadow crept
Over my rapture, for I thought of her,
The daughter of Ceneus, who did wait
For Herakles with jealous soul and wild.
There at Trachinia waited she, and scarce
The thought of her came to my burning heart
Ere I was tortured with a mad desire

To slay her with my two strong hands, to crush
Her hated life out who had known his love.
Then did my Theban soothe me, murmuring low
Sweet words of tenderness, and stopped my speech
With wild, warm kisses, and I was content.
For he had loved me first, before the face
Of Dejeneira rose before his eyes,
And now his heart was mine. I was content.

O fair Æchalia, O green meadow lands,
Glad flocks that feed upon the hills, I see
You all, yet heed you not, nor know your joy !
Fleet Lichas brought from her the fatal robe,
The gift of Dejeneira, whose fell power
She knew not, or, in knowing, did mistake.
In jealous fear she took a traitor's word,
And, deeming that some mystic potency
Dwelt in the garment to retain his love,
Sent Nessus' shirt to cover Herakles.
Still, all unheeding danger, near or far,
I waited for my hero in the tent,
And smiled to think how he would love me more
And praise my beauty when he came to me,
For I had donned a splendid dress of state
And through its beauty found myself more fair.

Sudden a cry rang out, a fearful sound,

As of a god in mortal agony.
And still it grew, and spread, and echoed far
Across the plain. And rushed I madly forth
To know the cause.

Great Herakles the brave,
He who had done such wild, prodigious feats
That the gods marvelled, there close-gripped he lay
With his last enemy, relentless Fate.
Up by the roots great trees of giant growth
He tore in frenzy. Dejeneira's gift
Had done its work. The Lernian Hydra's blood
Burned quick and deep as irons heated white
In wooden columns. Mad with fear I ran
And strove to approach him, but he drove me back
That I might witness not his agony.
I fell where I had stood an hour before
In pride of youth and love, as one that died.
And then they tended me, who loathed my life,
And watched the breath I longed to stifle out,
And brought me here, back to my childhood's home,
When all was over. They have told me how
The hero died,—how lying on his pyre
On Æta's mount, and leaning on his club,
The skin of the Nemean lion spread
Beneath his form, his mighty voice rang out,
And ordered Philoctetes' hand to fire
The funeral pile,—so his life burned away.

O babbling brook, why fling thy cooling drops
On the green sward, who brought no pain's respite
To burning Herakles? Green herbs that grow
Sweet in the thicket, where your potency
If you could bring no hour's relief to him?
Nay, I myself, oh, wherefore was I born
If I, with all my love and strong desire,
Could not, by drops of blood or streams of tears,
Bring him one moment's sweet, consoling rest.

Vile Nessus, fitting offspring of thy sire,
The lustful, base Ixion, if my hate
May follow thee through Tartarus, and bring
The curse I pray the gods to consummate,
Then may the blackness of great night that reigns
O'er the sad shades be doubly black to thee.
May the great, sulphurous flood of Phlegethon
Burn thee devouringly, till thou dost know
A thousand times the woe of Herakles!
O Herakles, king of a thousand fights,
Here for thy dying breaks one woman's heart!

The valleys hear my plaint, the sobbing pines
Echo my sighing, and the mighty oaks
Bend down to listen to my woeful tale.
The air blows sweet, but o'er my tired soul
No sleep may steal, to anodyne my pain.

Bright day has dawned, to bring to some, perchance,
Sweet hours of joy, such hours as Iole
Will never know. The woods wail "Herakles'!"
The valleys answer, and the lily-buds
Bend their proud heads, and whisper "Herakles!"

UWE

THERE is tempest in the offing where the north winds
rage and roar,

And the storm-king's winter madness scatters snow-
wreaths on the shore ;

And the nestling, hill-bound village wraps its children
in its arms,—

It has known the ocean sorrow, it has borne the sea's
alarms.

There are sons who may be tossing near some distant
reef to-night,

There are fathers steering homeward watching for the
headland light.

In their beds the women shudder, and the men move
restlessly,

And they murmur through their dreaming: " God be
good to those at sea ! "

See the dawn creep through the windows,—surely calm
will come with day,

But the bitter gale is raging, and the sky is wrapt in
gray.

Hark! a sound above the tempest, booming through the
breakers' roar,

And the sleepers start to waking,—they have heard that
sound before !

There are brave and stalwart seamen in that village by
the sea,

Men with rough and toil-scarred faces, but old ocean's
energy.

“Man the lifeboat ! Where is Harro ? We must go
without our chief,

Save the men that need our succor, dying there on
yonder reef ! ”

Sixteen brawny arms and ready launch the lifeboat on
the tide,

Through the biting sleet and breakers reach the fated
vessel's side.

'Mid the wild waves' mighty tossing they are lifted one
by one,

Twenty numbed, despairing seamen, till the rescue work
is done.

There is one poor freezing creature lashed high on a
bending mast,

But the boat is full to sinking, and the storm is rising fast.

Swift the lifeboat's bow is pointed with the distant shore
for goal ;

“He must stay,” the boatswain muttered, “Father God
be with his soul ! ”

Through the icy spray and billows, with the sleet-stones
driving fast,

With a wild triumphant shouting they have reached the shore at last.

“Good! My gallant men!” cries Harro, “all are here whom death had claimed.

By your swift and ready rescue you may know your leader shamed.”

“One was left,” says Jan, the boatswain, “he was frozen to the mast,

It was his poor life or ours”; and his voice died on the blast.

“We must save this man!” cries Harro: “Who will brave the storm with me?”

But no voice returns him answer, for their looks are on the sea.

“Harro, son,” a woman falters; “by a mother’s love and tears

Stay, nor leave me lone and sorrowing to go mourning al my years.

I have given home and husband to the wild remorseless sea,

And I doubt not it has taken our long-looked-for, lost Uwe.

Only you are left to comfort; if you venture forth to-day You may find a corpse out yonder, and I lose my only stay.

For your mother’s sake, my Harro!” but he answers quick and bold:

“ Can I see a fellow-being die in terror and in cold ?
And our lives are in God’s keeping ; it may be some
mother’s prayer
For the life of yon poor creature wearies an almighty
ear.”

Swift is launched the sturdy lifeboat, and four eager
fearless men
With their leader brave the perils of the rescue once
again.

From the shore the anxious watchers see the lifeboat
dip and rise,
And they gasp when it is hidden a brief instant from
their eyes :

“ It is gone ! No ! There ! I see it ! Ah ! they near the
ship at last ! ”

And the mother stills her anguish though the tears are
falling fast.

They have neared the fated vessel, they have cut away
the strands,

And the poor, half-frozen creature falls to Harro’s ten-
der hands.

In the boat one lies unconscious, while the other bends
above

Till his straining, anxious fellows marvel at the man
they love.

He nor speaks, nor moves, nor hears them as they call
his name aloud,

Till the shore is quickly nearing and he sees the waiting
crowd;

Then he stands and shouts exultant, with his fair curls
blowing free :

“Tell my mother that we’ve saved him, that we’ve
saved the lost Uwe !”

And the great waves roll and thunder on the Schleswig’s
rocky shore,

And a brave ship’s sodden timbers lie along the ocean
floor;

But wherever hearts are saddened by the sorrows of the
sea

Lives the tale of Harro’s courage and the rescue of
Uwe.

EURYDICE

OH, come, Eurydice !

The Stygian deeps are past

Well-nigh; the day dawns fast ;

Oh, come, Eurydice !

The gods have heard my song !

My love's despairing cry

Filled hell with melody,

And the gods heard my song.

I knew no life but thee.

Persephone was moved ;

She, too, hath lived, hath loved.

She saw I lived for thee.

I may not look on thee,

Such was the gods' decree.

Till sun and earth we see

No kiss, no smile for thee !

The way is rough, is hard,

I cannot hear thy feet

Swift following. Speak, my Sweet,

Is the way rough and hard ?

Oh, come, Eurydice !
I turn; our woe is o'er,
I will not lose thee more.
I cry : " Eurydice ! "

O Father Her^mes, help !
I see her fade away,
Back from the dawning ray.
Dear Father Her^mes, help !

One swift look—all is lost !
Wild heaven-arousing cries
Pierce to the dull, dead skies.
My heaven—my all is lost!

The unrelenting gods
Refuse me. " No," say they;
" Thy chance is thrown away."
Fierce, unrelenting gods !

The sky is blue no more,
The spring-tide airs are bleak;
I find not her I seek.
The world is fair no more.

I loathe all earth—all life.
These Thracian women gaze,
And, whispering, go their ways,
Seeing I loathe my life.

Only my song remains.

I may not cease to sing,

Though hot tears start and sting,

The song that still remains,

Even: "Come, Eurydice !"

The sea rolls on in pain,

Echoing the note again:

"Lost, lost Eurydice !"

And still the sea moves on,

The woods give back the thrill,

"Eurydice !" and still

The quiet sea moves on.

The years, Eurydice—

The long, unquiet years—

Heed not or sighs or tears,

O Heart, Eurydice !

BLAMELESS

SHE felt a touch of genuine pity rise
And for an instant dim those wondrous eyes;

For, as he lay there, happy, at her feet,
Thinking the world so fair, and love so sweet,

She knew, more wise than he, the coming gloom
That soon must end his bliss and shroud his doom.

She, leaning, said: "Why waste the precious hours
In fancies vain, o'er quickly fading flowers?"

"Soon will the vision melt, and die away
In the dim shadows of the waning day.

"As you love liberty and life and good
So trust not to a woman's changeful mood.

"Know you, to souls like yours I can but bring
Evil, and pain, and blind heart-sorrowing?"

She laid her hand soft on his golden head;
"Go! while there yet is time," she gently said.

With upturned face he answered; slow and clear
The words fell on the tranquil evening air.

"If I could know that, vampire-like, you drew
My life-blood daily from me; if I knew

"That just one drop of vital force remained,
And I might leave you, life and freedom gained,

"I should not move, but, striving to compress
In that brief hour a lifetime's happiness,

"Would give with one last pang of ecstasy
Even that drop, as you required, and die!"

The sunset glow haloed her queenly head.

"Ah, well, so be it then," she lightly said.

CHILD POEMS AND SONGS.

WHOSE CHILDREN ?

[Lines written for one of the New York dailies in the interest of a fund for the child-victims of the Galveston flood disaster.]

O WOMEN vested in silver, O women bred to the light,
Hear ye the weeping of women piercing the stillness of
night ?

Ye who have pleasures and plenty, is there no vibrant
breath

Brought to your homes of fulness fresh from the homes
of death ?

O woman, proud of your womanhood, deep in your soul
there stirs

(Maiden or mother, it wots not) hope that the heart
avers,

Hope that makes tender and holy, hope that love's joy
makes true,

Visions of little children stretching their arms to you.

By the great law that holds you mothers forevermore—
Though to your heart's great longing never a child you
bore—

Hark to the children's crying, mark you the tears they
shed,

Helpless they cry to the helper, hungry they cry to the
fed.

Mothers who croon to your babies, slumber your hearts
at rest

Tending your well-fed darlings, smoothing each downy
nest,

While in a stricken city, under the vault of blue,
Hundreds of hapless children call from their pain to
you?

Listen, ye great-heart mothers, hasten to dry the tears ;
Never did plaint of children fall on unheeding ears.
Love in its great enfolding mirrors a truth divine—
That in their need and weakness these babies are yours
and mine !

LINES

TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO ASKED FOR A POEM "ABOUT
SPRING, AND THE SUN, AND THE FLOWERS"

WHAT can I tell you of spring, Sweetheart,
Spring with its freshness and mirth?
You are yourself but a part of the spring,
Bubbling with life and the song the birds sing,
Full of earth's youth with its fervor and fling,
One with the season's birth.

What can I tell you of flowers, Sweetheart,
Perfume and form and hue?
All these long years I have sought to know
Just how they color, and grow and blow;
You are their mate, and they whisper low
Secrets to such as you.

What can I sing of the sunshine, Dear?
Shadows that come and go,
Flecking the path of the young and old,
These have I known as the years grew cold.
You must know only the warmth and the gold,
Gladness and summer's glow.

Spring-time, and flowers, and sunshine, Dear,
 Laughter, and kiss, and song;
Gazing untroubled o'er seas and lands
Old Mother Nature forever stands,
Holding her gifts in her ample hands ;
 These to thy life belong.

SEA-HORSES

OH, I heard them tramping, tramping,
And their furious fiery stamping,
 And I cowered from the curtain though I listened
 eagerly;
By the darkness dazed and thwarted
How they raged and plunged and snorted
 Through the mighty shadowed forest that in daylight
 is the sea!

But this morning they are prancing,
Silver hoofs and white manes dancing,
 As I lie upon the shingle sound their neighings far
 and free.
Shall we leave our play and listen,
See the gray coats drip and glisten,
 Mount their backs and fare forever through the path-
 ways of the sea?

When the crows have ceased their cawing
I shall hear impatient pawing,
 They are tethered to the twilight then and may not
 leap or flee.

They will whinny round the headland;

But when I 'm off to bedland

I know that they will break their bonds and gallop
o'er the sea!

LULLABY OF THE CHILDLESS WOMAN

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, bye,
The baby stars blink in the sky,
The dear mother moon watches tenderly
And croons to her babes as I croon unto thee.
Sleep, little one, sleep,
Sleep, baby one, sleep.

Rock-a-bye, baby, bye,
So long have I gazed at the sky
It may be my eyes are dimmed with the glow,
For I see not thy face though my baby I know.
Sleep, little one, sleep,
Sleep, baby one, sleep.

Rock-a-bye, baby, bye,
I would I might hear thee cry,
For thou liest so still on my heaving breast
I fain would awaken thy dreamless rest.
Sleep, little one, sleep,
Sleep, baby one, sleep.

Rock-a-bye, baby, bye,
The cloud-babies fade in the sky,

All the live-long day thou art far from me
But the dusk brings my little one back to me!

Sleep, little one, sleep,
Sleep, baby one, sleep.

Rock-a-bye, baby, bye,
At sunrise the birdies fly,
And my own baby birdie will fly away
With the first pale gleam of the dawning day.
Sleep, little one, sleep,
Sleep, baby one, sleep.

Rock-a-bye, baby, bye,
Wilt stay when the sun is high?
Ah, if once thou couldst dream past the dawning ray
Mayhap I could have thee forever and aye.
Sleep, little one, sleep,
Sleep, baby one, sleep.

VALENTINES

I

WHAT the cloud is to the mountain,
What the shore is to the sea,
Where the vagrant winds arousing
Lift and blow perpetually;

What the frost is to the maple
In the days of autumn's pride,
What his song is to the robin,
What the moon is to the tide;

What the sun is to the dawning,
What the flower is to the bee,
What the light is to the crystal—
This and more thou art to me.

II

LIGHT, and warmth, and oceans of dew,
Out of the chaos a great world grew.

The earth lay silent, a vague unrest
Ruffling the calm of the great white breast.

Over her sadness at break of morn
A great wave lifted—and love was born!
Out of Love's heart when the skies were blue
Floated a whisper,—and that was you!

NOON

No ripple stirs the water,
 No song-bird wakes the grove,
Calm noontide sways his sceptre
 And hushes even love.

On earth the sun-god bending
 Poureth his wondrous store,
The soft-tongued tide, advancing,
 Laps the unconscious shore.

The long low isle of marsh-land
 Stretches in weary waste,
By sloping sand-banks guarded,
 By winding weeds embraced.

Comes clearly from the open
 The splash of distant oars,
Over the rocky headland
 The snowy sea-gull soars.

I see as if through dream-clouds,
 I hear from far away,
The scorched air breathes its opiate,
 The drowsy fancies stay.

I have no hopes nor longings,
I scarce can feel your kiss,—
For thought, and joy, and worship
Another hour than this !

THOUGHTS

LIKE birds at your window,
 'Mid vines wet with dew
My glad thoughts at morning
 Go singing to you.

Then, when at the nooning
 All things hush to rest,
My thoughts tired and drooping
 Soft creep to your breast.

At night, as in slumber
 Your beauty is laid,
My thoughts nestle closely,
 In love unafraid.

So morning and evening,
 All day, all night through,
Else hopeless and homeless
 My thoughts fly to you.

TO-DAY

OH, what is thy prayer, my brother,
With thy face upturned to the sky?
“That some wondrous day I may find a way
To end the world’s misery.”

Nay, do the small deeds of cheering
To-day, while thy hands are free,
For the flaming sword and the mighty word
May never be asked of thee.

For the deeds that are worth the doing
Can never admit delay,
And the work that is ours and the test of our powers
Can only be done to-day.

Oh, what is thy dream, my brother,
As thou farest o’er hill and glen?
“I dream of an hour when the lust for power
Shall die in the love for men.”
Nay, part of the world, my brother,
Is here, and the time is now;
And a kindly deed in the time of need
Is the best that our lives allow.

For the man whom the world is needing
Is the man in the heart of the fray,
And the lessons of life for the ending of strife
Can only be learned to-day.

“Some day in a golden heaven
All things shall be sweet and fair,
And the greed of the strong and the triumph of wrong
Will never be dreamed of there.”
Nay, what of to-day, my brother?
See now the appealing hands.
Oh, the good that is done ere the setting sun
Is the good that our life demands.

For the doing of hourly duty
Was ever old Wisdom's way;
And the life we would fain give to make the world's
gain
Can only be lived to-day.

THE OTHER SELF

RELENTLESSLY it follows ; as I walk
 Along the thrice-thronged streets I turn, quick-eyed,
 To catch it unaware. I try to hide
In the dim forest, but to hear it stalk

In stealthy quest, forever following.
 Then flee I where the ocean thunders roll,
 And dream of quiet for my restless soul
Where the storm noises beat and urge and sing.

The sea-mist touches me with gray, chill hand,
 I fancy in the wild words of the wind
 Derisive murmurs echoing far behind.
A Shape I know, beside me stirs the sand.

If I could see a stranger face, and cry
 As to another, then I could endure
 This following. For my fear there is no cure;
I turn and shudder, knowing it is I.

SONNETS AND RONDEAUS

MASTERFUL

I

AH, Sweetheart, would that I might sweep away
This Western wisdom that is all unwise,
This life of counterfeit and social lies,
Might stand before you like a man, and say:
"You are my own by all the laws that sway
Men's hearts"; and straightway snatch my precious
prize
And bear it where I would, despite of cries
Or little soft hands that would say me nay.

Is it not woman's joy to feel the strong
Compelling power of one who should be lord?
To breathe denials but to have them hushed?
So would I hold these hands, and stop the word
With passionate kisses and a grasp that crushed,
Compel thy yielding to me, right or wrong!

II

Forgive me, Sweetheart, will you ? For to-day
The man is uppermost, and the saint forgot !
Sometimes the fierce blood rising surges hot,
And one must love the dear old savage way.
Did I not see your startled eyes obey
For one wild moment what they suffered not ?
Did I not feel the wrist's quick-pulsing spot
When my hands grasped you in that tender play ?

Ah, see ! You are as free as is the wind
In the dim orchards. I would not constrain
Nor bend you if I might, for I adore
Your strength of will. Yet is it joy to find
You—even you—might hear love's fierce blows rain
Upon your castle,—and fling wide the door !

I LOVE YOU

I LOVE you! Little does it seem to say;
What pinioned words may help me higher soar?
“I love you, love you, love you!” O’er and o’er
The words leap swift to utterance; yet who may
Freight any words with meaning to convey
The heart’s great blessed burden? By the shore
You sit and watch the waves, but all their roar
Is nothing to the power which they obey!

The waves upon the shore their music beat
And over, over, over break in spray,
Yet each pulse ends but to begin. So then
“I love you, love you, love you,” I repeat,
And as each wave of passion throbs away
The heart’s great ocean swells to flood again

AFFINITY

WE gave no sign, no outward difference made
In speech or attitude, but in that hour
When first voice answered voice, glad and afraid
We felt a new life rise in strength and power.
A Presence, Fate's strong shadow, seemed to call
To us, and touch us, and our spirits grew
Into each other, as shed tears might fall
At eve, and mingle with fresh drops of dew.
So must it be, though we should live apart,
Or hand touch hand in hourly fellowship,
Years pass with never word from heart to heart,
Or thoughts be daily read on brow and lip.
As star knows star across th' ethereal sea
So soul feels soul to all eternity.

ZENITH

THERE are who say that in life's tale of years
 One hour there is, one moment, when the height
 Of joy is reached, the onward sweep of light
Bursts into full and perfect blaze ; heart-fears
And keen desire melt and heaven appears.

 And then the tide rolls back, and never sight
 Of such dear bliss may charm again the night:
Joys may appear, but mingled aye with tears.

I will not have it so! For us, O Heart,
 The ebb shall never come! Ah God! if this
 Dear joy we know be now full flood-tide, let
 Our souls grow numb, the dreaded death-dews wet
These bodies, that our spirits may depart
 Even 'mid the thrilling rapture of our kiss!

RETURNED

BACK from the country—in the town once more !

No more the shy things of the woods I meet,

No more the fragrant pines my nostrils greet ;

I only dream of standing on the shore,

The while the waves break round me with a roar.

The pavement echoes hard beneath my feet,

The houses shut me in both sides the street,

Companionship with sun-set hours is o'er.

But there are fairer things than summer moon

Rising or setting—than or hills or sky—

Sweeter than evening's glow or morning dew ;

There's music dearer than the fairy tune

The winds play on the sea ; and—blessed I !

I find them in the city here with you !

AT REST

TIME was when I had troubles; when the weight
Of daily burdens bowed me for awhile,
So that I heeded not the morning's smile,
And missed Earth's glad flush as the day grows late.
Sometimes would worries neither grand nor great
Irk me as tortures planned in care and guile;
So grates incessantly the fretting file;
As the worn iron I, the sport of Fate.

But now my world is changed; I look to you
And all my petty sorrows melt away.
The storm-tossed bird has found a haven blest,
Glad to fold dripping wings and, weary, lay
Its snowy crest in shelter warm and true;
So satisfied, secure, at last at rest.

NORTHWEST WIND

THE blue sky, like an autumn threshing floor,
Was by the northwest wind swept clean and clear;
And westward through the lucent atmosphere
The far-off hills, the valley watching o'er
Became familiar neighbors at my door.

Within the souging pine-tops I could hear
The hurrying footsteps of the winds pass near
In fleet race from the mountains to the shore.

And as the winds from out the clear northwest
Blew every vapor till the bracing air
Filled me with life, and built the world anew,
So by new vigor is my soul possessed,
And all my inner sky is clear and fair;
I find the rousing breath of life in you.

MY NEW YEAR

THEY call it New Year when far south the sun
Stops in his journey, and turns back to bring
The light and life and glory of the Spring
To those in winter desolate and undone.
New Year it is though still the brooklets run
Beneath the ice; for soon on happy wing
Bird-mates will soar and rapturously sing
That o'er the dark and cold is victory won.

But *my* New Year was born when that which burns
In thy dear eyes and trembles in thy voice,
Thrills rapture in the kisses of thy mouth,
When these, for which my woman's nature yearns,
First bade me even to blessed tears rejoice,
As my life's summer came from out Love's South.

REAL TRIUMPH

OH ! I am happy when I hear your name
Spoken with praise or reverence, or I see
The man I love stand in serenity
In the world's sunshine, and the glow of fame.
I am so greedy for the glad acclaim,
So proud that all the world's wild eulogy
Falls short of what I know that you can be ;
To know you victor in life's desperate game.

Some day may envy or misfortune heap
Storm-clouds about you, or the phantom lure
Of dreams confuse you, or fame's bauble toy
Lie shattered ; then to have you turn and creep
Into my arms, as one forever sure,
This were indeed life's triumph and love's joy.

RESPONSE

DEAR Heart, such power thou hast over me,
Such is the mystic wonder of thine eyes,
So charged thy voice is with divine surprise,
Thy finger's touch has such a potency,
Thy simple presence is such ecstasy
That, as dark earth to meet the glad sunrise
Thrills and arouses to the brightening skies,
So all my being rushes to meet thee.

If I were dead and in the grave asleep—
My body and my soul—and thy dear feet,
Love-led, should tread above me,—if bent low
Thou shouldest call to me—oh! however deep
The slumber I should thrill and rouse to meet
Thy coming,—for I love, *I love thee so!*

THERE IS NO GOD

THERE is no God ? If one should stand at noon
Where the glow rests, and the warm sunlight plays,
Where earth is gladdened by the cordial rays
And blossoms, answering,—where the calm lagoon
Gives back the brightness of the heart of June,
And he should say, “ There is no sun ”—the day’s
Fair show still round him,—should we lose the blaze
And warmth, and weep that day has gone so soon ?

Nay, there would be one word, one only thought,
“ The man is blind ! ” and throbs of pitying scorn
Would rouse the heart, and stir the wondering mind.
We feel and see, and therefore know,—the morn
With blush of youth ne’er left us till it brought
Promise of full-grown day. “ The man is blind ! ”

THE REAL LIFE

DEAR, do you know as I that precious thrill
Of subtle pleasure, when in festive throng,
'Mid laugh and gay return, and careless song,
A thought comes softly : "This does not fulfil
My end of being ; I have something still
That these know naught of, that does not belong
To the world's life of restlessness and wrong,
But lives alone and knows one master will ?

This, then, is love, my love for you, Dear Heart,
That life which makes all else beside it seem
Poor and of little moment,—as a dream
To the day's doings,—that which dwells apart
Sacred and dear, and, gone this world of tears,
Shall live with us through all the future years.

A SHADOW

THE world to-day is radiant, as I ne'er
 Could picture it in wildest dreaming, when
 For long pale hours I lay in flowery glen
Or wooded copse and tried in vain to tear
The glamour from my eyes,—and face the glare
 And tumult of the busy world of men.
 I staked my all,—and won! and ne'er again
Can my blest spirit know a heart's despair!

And yet,—and yet,—why should it be that now
 When all my heart has longed for is at last
 Within my grasp, and I should be at rest,
A ghostly Something rising in the glow
 Of love's own fire,—an uninvited guest,—
Taunts me with just one memory of the past!

DISAPPOINTMENT

THE light has left the hillside. Yesterday
These skies showed blue against the dusky trees,
The leaves' soft murmur in the evening breeze
Was music and the waves danced in the bay.
Then was my heart, as ever, far away
With you, and I could see you as one sees
A mirrored face, and happiness and ease
And hope were mine in spite of long delay.

After these months of waiting, this is all !
Hope, dead, lies confined, shrouded in despair
With all the blessings of the outer air
Forgot 'neath the black covering of a pall.
Only the darkening of the woodland ways,
A heart's low moaning over wasted days.

ADIEU

It is "Adieu" you say, and not farewell,
And so there comes no bitter thrill of pain
With this last word, no chilling winter rain
Of whelming tears. It is the vesper bell
Of prayer and benediction. Who can tell
What sudden sin- or sorrow-blots may stain
The fair page of our happiness? I gain
In this "Adieu" a charm for every spell.

He who knows all knows how to pity all.
And so, should e'er it come to me or you
To know the light yet in the dark to fall,
There is one heart whose mercy cannot die.
"Adieu" you fain would say, and tenderly
I echo back your words and pray : "A Dieu."

FOR OUR LOVE'S SAKE

FOR our love's sake I bid thee stay,
Sweet, ere the hours flee away,
 Beneath the old acacia-tree
 That waves its blossoms quiveringly,
And think awhile of early May,
Of how the months have fled away,
And sunrise hour turned twilight gray
 While we have suffered smilingly
 For our love's sake.

It may not be,—that which we pray
For tearfully, but dare not say;
 And yet,—if, Sweet, it may not be
 We still may suffer silently,
Watching the sunlight fade away
 For our love's sake.

I WILL FORGET

I WILL forget those days of mingled bliss
And dear, delicious pain,—will cast from me
All dreams of what I know can never be,
Even the remembrance of that parting kiss.
I knew that some day it would come to this
In spite of all our sworn fidelity,
That I must banish even memory,
And sorrowing learn to say, nor say amiss,
I will forget.

I register this vow, and am content
That it be so. Ah me! yet,—if the door
Shut on our heaven might be asunder rent
Even now, and I could see the way we went,—
I might retract my vow,—and say no more
I will forget.

BROTHER AND FRIEND

BROTHER and friend I found thee in the hour
Of need, and day of trial, strong and true.
In June's fair mirth, and when the sunrise hue
Showed bright where Joy had built his fairy bower,
Thou wert a child to sport with, something lower
Than a friend's need. I gave, methought, thy due,
An elder sister's gentleness, nor knew
Ere summer fled my soul would feel thy power,
Brother and friend!

A man, with a man's strength and will and fire,
I know thee, my Alcides, thus a god
For some fair soul to reverence, and desire
To own and worship. I can place thee higher
To-day, in naming thee,—pain's paths just trod,—
Brother and friend!

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

IT might have been so different a year
To what has been; the summer's guileless play,
Not all a jest, comes back to me to-day
In added sweetness, and provokes a tear.
Strange pictures rise, pass on, and disappear
Drawn from your tender words of yesterday,
When, looking in my eyes in the old way,
You told me of your life, how passing dear
It might have been.

Useless to dream, more useless to regret !
We might have lived and loved, nor lost the glow
Of love's first sweet intensity,—to let
These foolish fancies die I strive,—and yet
I still must count it happiness to know
It might have been.

WHEN SUMMER COMES

WHEN summer comes, and when o'er hill and lea
The sun's strong wooing glow hath patiently
 Shed o'er the earth long days his golden dower,
 And then, by force of his own loving power
Drawn the hard frost, and left it passive, free
To give forth all its sweets untiringly,
Shall not the day rise fair for thee and me
 And all life seem but as an opening flower
 When summer comes?

The days move slowly,—young hearts yearn to be
Together always,—cannot brook to see
 Their love-days pass, and void each sunny hour ;
 Yet can we smile e'en when Fate's storm-clouds lower,
Waiting fulfilment of our hearts' decree
 When summer comes.



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